

## SNOW DROPS.

Gently fall the snow-flakes  
From the clouds above,  
Noiselessly and joyously  
As the breath of love,  
Noiseless in their gaiety,  
Gentle in their mirth,  
As they spread their robes of purity  
Softly o'er the earth.

Beauteous types of Innocence!  
Delicately fair  
As the thoughts of Angels  
Hov'ring in the air:  
Not less pure and innocent  
Is each little dove,—  
Each joyous, sparkling snow-drop  
In the cot of Love.

Yes, prattling little Children!  
Germs of Love are ye,  
Spotless as the snow-drops,  
Hearts as pure and free,  
Oh! guard them in their innocence,  
Ye to whom are given  
These fairy human snow-drops,  
Gifts from Love's own Heaven.